

CENTURIONS
MONTHLY

No.7

75p

CENTURIONS

POWERXTREME

ORANGE
ALERT!

AT LAST!
VICTORY IS
MINE!

PLUS! SCI-FI TALES
FROM SKYVAULT'S
COMPUTER
BANKS!



WELCOME TO THE 21st CENTURY!

Dateline: November 2087
Station: Skyvault

Hi, there! Welcome to the **new-style** Centurions Comic. Not only are we bringing you two thrilling adventures featuring Max, Jake and myself in action against the evil Doc Terror, but we also begin a whole new series of science-fiction stories this issue. The **Skyvault Central Computer** has selected no less than three classic tales of aliens and far off planets for you to enjoy: watch out for the space **Gremlins**; find out what **Life in Outer Space** is like; and discover the secret of the planet that was **Certified Safe!** I hope you like them. Please write and let me know if you did. See you next month!

Keep 'em flying!

Ace

Send all letters to: **Centurions Comic, PO Box 111, Great Ducie Street, Manchester M60 3EL.**

Subject: ASSAULT WEAPONS SYSTEMS

Data follows:

These are the Centurions' specialized land, air and sea cybernetic weapon systems. They are stored on Skyvault, in separate modules, and they can be beamed instantly to exact coordinates via a "matter transmission" process. Once beamed down they open up and fuse with a Centurion Exoframe automatically, giving the wearer fantastic power. Each AWS is artificially intelligent and designed for specific types of missions to provide maximum versatility and effectiveness. In a real emergency the wearer can jettison himself from the system and leave it in control of its computer brain to complete a simple task.

21st CENTURY FACTS

Fact File Update: DOC TERROR
Status: Earth's Ultimate Mercenary
Birthplace: Unknown

Having experimented with the technique for the fusion of man and machine on his assistant, Hacker, Doc Terror fused his own brainstem to Syntax and turned himself into a sophisticated, super-powerful cyborg. His greatest aim has consequently become the elimination of the entire human race. He sees machines as far superior to humans with all their physical frailties, so he has begun his overall mission by creating many different sorts of Doom Drones and Killer Cyborgs. He also wishes to enslave the minds of the world's most brilliant scientists by fusing them with specially built machine halves. He is, without doubt, the deadliest threat facing 21st Century Earth.



ORANGE ALERT

SKYVAULT - CRYSTAL HAS
JUST ALERTED THE
CENTURIONS TO A DOUBLE
THREAT FOR THEM TO
DEAL WITH...

THERE YOU ARE, GUYS... A
KILLER SATELLITE ON THE
LOOSE AND A GIANT ROBOTIC
SHARK ATTACKING THE
ATLANTIC FLOOR RESEARCH
STATION!

AND IT'S NOT
VERY HARD TO
GUESS WHO'S
BEHIND THEM
BOTH!

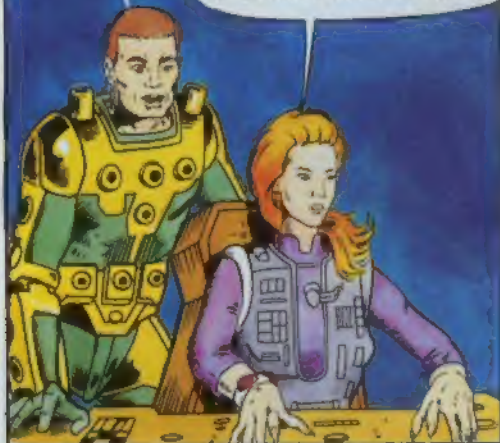
WELL, THERE'S NO TIME TO
WASTE. I'LL TAKE THE "SHARK"
ACE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE OUT
THE SATELLITE!

SPOT ON, MAX! I'VE SET UP THE COORDINATES
ALREADY. THESE SITUATIONS ARE TAILOR-MADE
FOR YOUR AND ACE'S ABILITIES. BEAMING NOW...

POWER XTREME

AW, CRY, I KNOW THE GUYS SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH THAT TIN-POT TWO-SOME, BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO TO HELP.

NO, JAKE, I MAY NEED YOU HERE. THE SHARK AND THE SATELLITE ARE JUST A BIT TOO WELL-SUITED TO BE DEALT WITH BY MAX AND ACE. THEY SMACK OF DIVERSIONARY TACTICS!



MEANWHILE, IN DOC TERROR'S SECRET BASE BENEATH THE CITY OF DETROIT...

EXCELLENT! MY PLAN IS RUNNING TO SCHEDULE. NOW HURRY, HACKER. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

HA! HA! CAUSE HAVOC THE DOC SAYS, WELL, THERE'S NO ONE BETTER AT DOING THAT THAN HACKER!



BACK ON SKYVAULT HACKER'S RAMPAGE DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED...

"YOU'LL NEED DETONATOR..."

WHAT COULD HACKER WANT WITH THIS PLACE? IT'S ONE OF THE FACTORIES WHERE THEY USED TO MAKE THE OLD-STYLE MOTOR CARS. NOW IT'S BEEN TURNED OVER TO PRODUCING MODERN ROAD COVERING.

QUICK, JAKE, YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO DETROIT. HACKER'S GONE BERSERK IN A FACTORY THERE. YOU HAVE TO STOP HIM QUICKLY, BEFORE HE CAN HURT ANYONE!



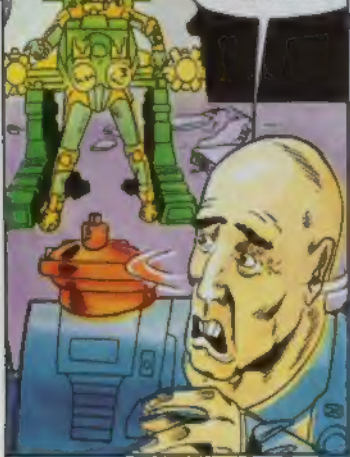
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. SONIC RAY SHOULD BE THE QUICKEST WAY IN...



WITHIN
MOMENTS ...

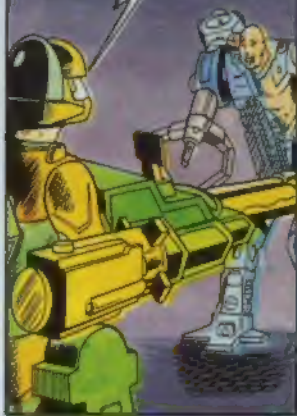
HI THERE, HACKER!
FANCY MEETING
YOU HERE .

HUH ? A
CENTURION ! OH
NO . DOC TERROR
DIDN'T SAY ANY-
THING ABOUT
ANY CENTURIONS.



FUNNY, YOU KNOW, BUT I'VE
NEVER TRUSTED TERROR
EITHER!

ANYWAY, MUCH AS
I'D LIKE TO STAND
HERE TALKING TO
YOU ALL DAY, HACKER,
I THINK WE'D
BETTER GET THIS
OVER WITH ...



A STINSEL MISSILE
SHOULD DO THE
TRICK !



HA! NO
PROBLEM!

JAKE TO CRYSTAL!
I'VE CAPTURED
HACKER. HE DOESN'T
LOOK TOO WELL ...

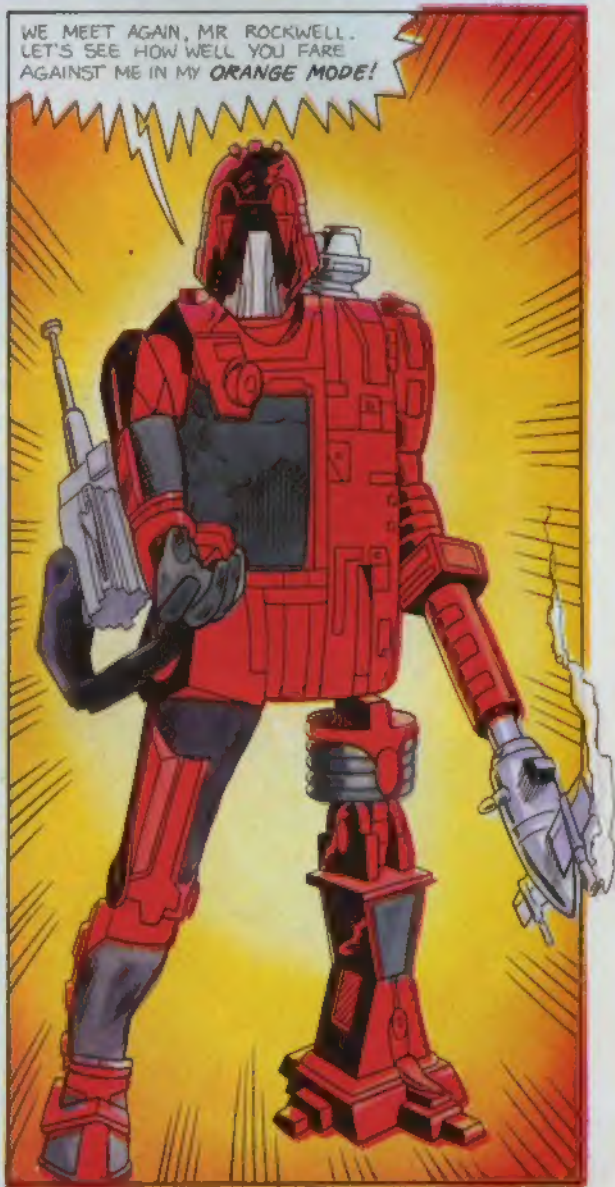


PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER
GET SOME OF THE
MED-BOYS ...

ARRGGGH!



WE MEET AGAIN, MR ROCKWELL .
LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU FARE
AGAINST ME IN MY **ORANGE MODE!**



I DON'T CARE WHAT MODE YOU'RE IN TERROR, I'LL TAKE YOU OUT THE SAME WAY THAT I DID YOUR FRIEND, HACKER!

HA HA! BAD LUCK, CENTURION! NOT EVEN A SCRATCH! BAD SHOT MORE LIKELY! I WON'T MISS YOU WITH MY FREEZE RAY BLASTERS...

BUT...

BA-DOOM!

OWW! FREEZE RAY'S OUT! ONLY MY SONIC CANNON LEFT...

NOOO!

HA! I KNEW THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY THE CENTURIONS WOULD BE TO DO IT MYSELF. THAT'S WHY I HAD HACKER LURE YOU HERE!

OH NO! TERROR'S COMPLETELY DISABLED DETONATOR. I'M DEFENCELESS, EVEN MY COMMUNICATOR'S GONE DEAD. I CAN'T RADIO FOR HELP!

KRUNCH!



I'VE RELIED ON OTHERS FOR TOO LONG, BY PICKING YOU OFF ONE BY ONE I CAN EASILY DEFEAT THE CENTURIONS. YOU, ROCKWELL, HAVE THE HONOUR OF BEING THE FIRST TO MEET HIS FATE!



YES, THE HONOUR IS YOURS... BUT THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE! HA HA HA!

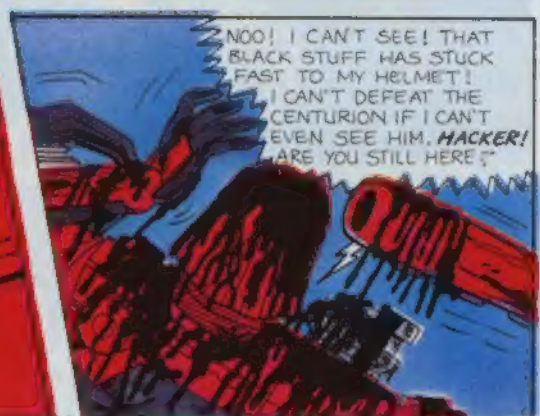
OOF!

WHAT'S THIS? THE VAT OVERFLOW PIPE?

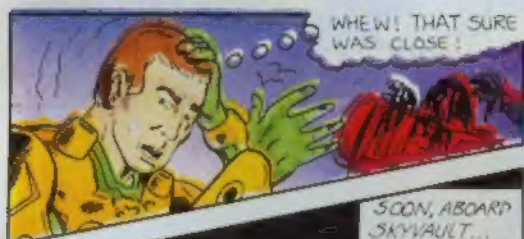
SLAMM!



HERE, BIG MOUTH, SWALLOW SOME OF THIS!



NOO! I CAN'T SEE! THAT BLACK STUFF WAS STUCK FAST TO MY HELMET! I CAN'T DEFEAT THE CENTURION IF I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM. HACKER! ARE YOU STILL HERE?



WHEW! THAT SURE WAS CLOSE!

SOON, ABOARD SKYVAULT...



WOW! AM I GLAD TO BE BACK HERE IN ONE PIECE! WHAT HAPPENED?

I REALISED THAT SOMETHING HAD GONE RABBY WRONG SO I BROUGHT YOU BACK HERE AS SOON AS I COULD GET A FIX ON YOU.

IT SEEMS THAT TERROR RAN AWAY WHEN YOU "RUNDIED" HIM, YOU COULD SAY THAT HE CAME TO A "STICKY" END!



LATER...

GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, CRYSTAL.

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, CRYSTAL. IT WASN'T EASY DESTROYING THAT KILLER SATELLITE!

AH, JAKE! STILL HERE I SEE. HAVING A RESTFUL TIME, WHILE WE'VE BEEN OUT SAVING THE WORLD, I SUPPOSE?

YEAH, MAX. SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

ARNIE? HEY,
ARNIE-- CAN
YOU HEAR ME?
WHAT'S HAPPENING
OUT THERE?

WHERE
ARE
YOU?

WHAT A GUY! I
SEND HIM STARSIDE
TO HANDLE A MINOR
REPAIR JOB-- AND
ALL HE DOES IS
CREATE NEW
PROBLEMS!

HE'D BETTER--
HUN? THERE'S
NO SIGN OF
HIM--!?!

BUT EVEN USING
HIS PERSONAL
PORTAPAK
INSTEAD OF A
LIFELINE, HE
COULDN'T
HAVE
STRAYED
TOO FAR
WITHOUT--

--NO!
NO!

NOW I
KNOW WHAT
MUST'VE
HAPPENED
TO ARNIE!

GREMLINS

JOE
KUBERT

THE SAME
NIGHTMARE
THAT'S HAPPENING
TO ME!



THEY SEEM TO BE SCAVENGERS
OF SOME SORT--LIKE THE
GREMLINS OF ANCIENT
EARTH LEGEND!

THEY MUST'VE
CAUGHT POOR ARNIE
UNAWARES, CARRIED
HIM OFF...

...AND KILLED
HIM!



UGH! THEY'RE ALL OVER
ME--I CAN FEEL THEM
THROUGH MY SUIT--!

CLINGING...
TUGGING...

...HUNGRY...



GET OFF OF ME, YOU
LITTLE MONSTERS!
YOU WON'T DO TO ME
WHAT YOU DID TO ARNIE!



IT'S NO USE! NO
MATTER HOW HARD I
FIGHT THEM, THEY
KEEP COMING BACK--!



NO-- MY
LIFELINE!
IT COULDN'T
TAKE THE
STRAIN!

LOSING AIR--
GETTING HARD
TO BREATHE--!



BUT MAYBE
IT'S BETTER
THIS WAY--
QUICKER!

MAYBE THIS
WAY I WON'T
...FEEL... THE...
PAIN...



UUNNNHH



MY ACHING
HEAD!



W-WHAT
HAPPENED--?



WHERE
AM I--?



BACK IN
MY SHIP...?!?



BUT THAT
-- THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

LAST THING I
REMEMBER, I WAS
STARSIDE... MY
LIFELINE GONE...
DRIFTING FREE...
SMOTHERED IN...



...GREMLINS?



I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT, BUT THEY MUST'VE
BROUGHT ME BACK...

... JUST LIKE
THEY'RE BRINGING
BACK... ARNIE!



I'M TELLIN' YA,
CHUM-- WHEN MY
PORTAPAK
MALFUNCTIONED,
I FIGURED I WAS
SO MUCH SPACE
SCRAP!

HOW DID I
SURVIVE?

YOU WERE
LUCKY,
ARNIE--WE
BOTH WERE!

JUST BE
THANKFUL
WE'RE NOT
ALONE OUT
HERE!

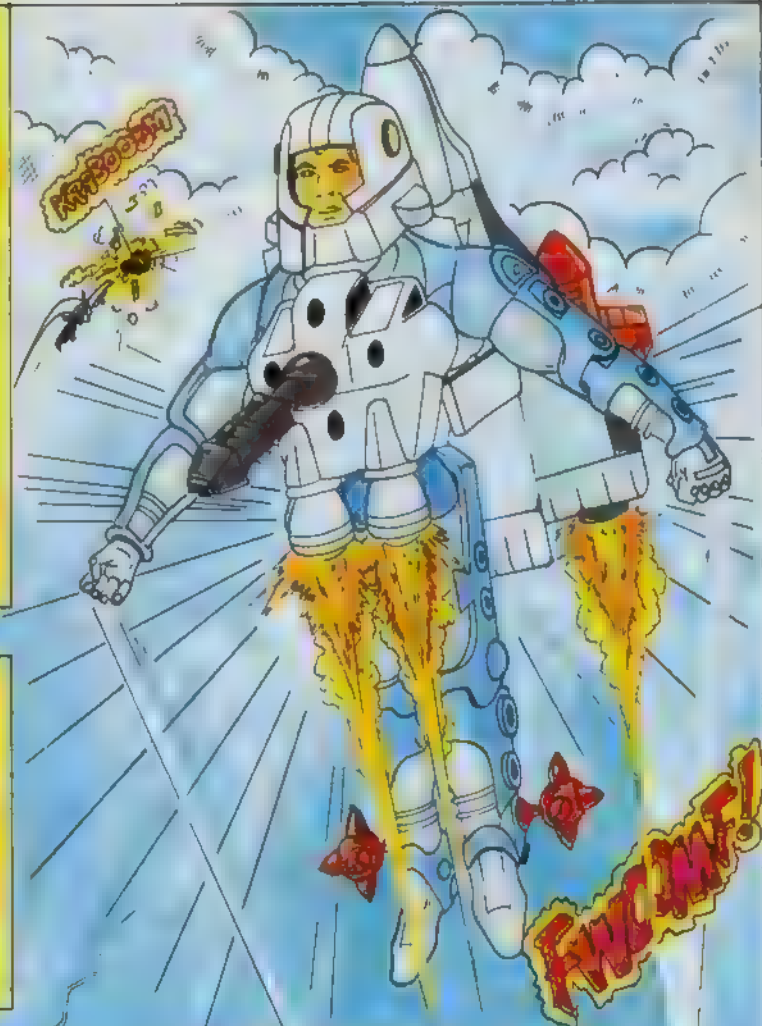
THE
END

FACT FILE: ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR

Operative: Ace McCloud,
Air Operations.

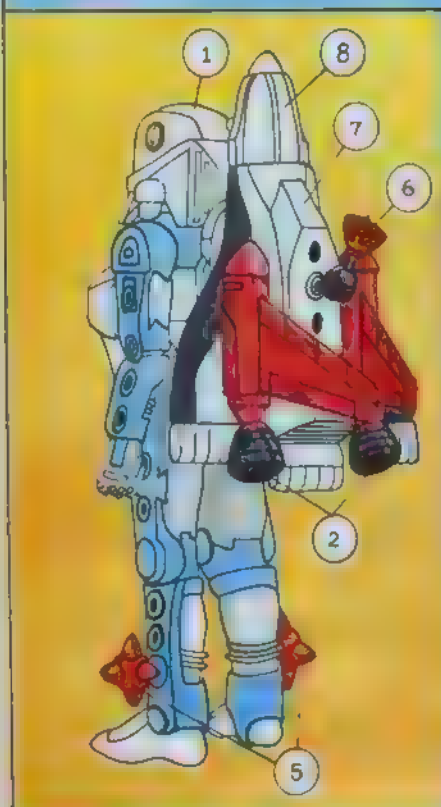
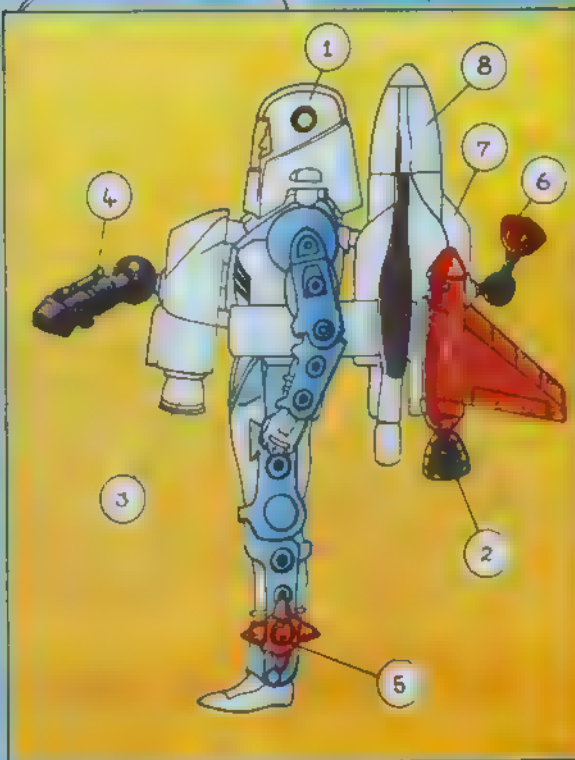
Modes: ATTACK and SURVEILLANCE

Details: Designed for outer atmosphere missions, Orbital Interceptor is ideally suited for secret surveillance from space. Indeed, when the Centurions face any threat from space, Ace is the only one properly equipped to deal with it, using this Assault Weapons System. Orbital Interceptor is nevertheless effective in regular battle situations on Earth, as it is impressively armed. It also has a radar homing device which can guide its "smart" missile to any target automatically



Specifications:

- (1) Life support helmet
- (2) Two inner atmospheric thrusters
- (3) Front Assault Weapons module with outer atmospheric thrusters
- (4) High intensity target sensors
- (5) Particle beam defenders
- (6) Radar homing device
- (7) Back Assault Weapons module and glider
- (8) Multi-particle missile



GOING BANANAS

Lucy is hungry and fancies a tasty bunch of bananas.
Can you help her reach them?



NAME GAME

Fill in the spaces in the words below by using the names ACE, DOC or MAX.
The first word is completed to start you off.
Which name is used most?



ACE

MAX

DOC

"We must ACE facts," said Jake, grimly. "We need
immense power to enter Terror's pl_____."

Jake patted Shadow's head. The _____le dog wagged his tail at a
great p_____, while Jake produced a file and took out some _____ments.

"We _____imize chances of success if we go by sea and pull in at
the _____ks. The r_____ is on to stop Terror taking over Earth and sp_____!"

Answers: Ace Woods formed Jake Max replaced Docle
Jake documents said to make face spoke

"THE PEGASUS" SHUDDERS AS IT BEGINS ITS DESCENT. BRIGHT RED FLAMES GUSH FROM ITS ENGINES LIKE THE BREATH OF SOME FABLED DRAGON. ITS TIRED STEEL SKIN GROANS AND QUIVERS, BUT THE RIDERS WITHIN ARE OBVIOUS TO THEIR SHIP'S COMPLAINTS...

AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION, MAN HAS FINALLY DISCOVERED...

MARY WOLFMAN

BOB SMITH
ARTIST
BEN ODA
LETTERER

LIFE IN OUTER SPACE

COMMANDER FRANK NEILSON'S JOY IS UNBRIDLED. IT WILL BE HIS SHIP THAT GETS THE GLORY AND REWARDS FOR THE FIRST ALIEN CONTACT...

THIS IS IT, GUYS,
THE MOST IMPORTANT
EVENT SINCE MOSES
FIRST HELD THE TEN
COMMANDMENTS!

SO I DON'T
WANT ANY OF YOU
CLOWNS GETTING
OUT OF HAND.
GOT THAT?

COMMANDER, SOMETHING'S STRANGE.
THE NATIVES ARE NOT EVEN LOOKING
AT US. YOU'D THINK THEY'D BE
CURIOUS... OR SOMETHING.

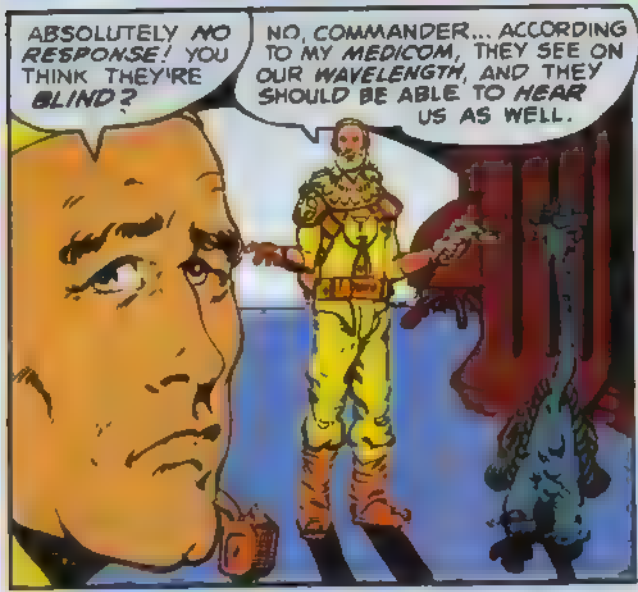
MAYBE NOT. COULD BE
AGAINST THEIR RELIGION
TO STARE. WHO KNOWS?



TRANSLATOR'S WORKING, SIR

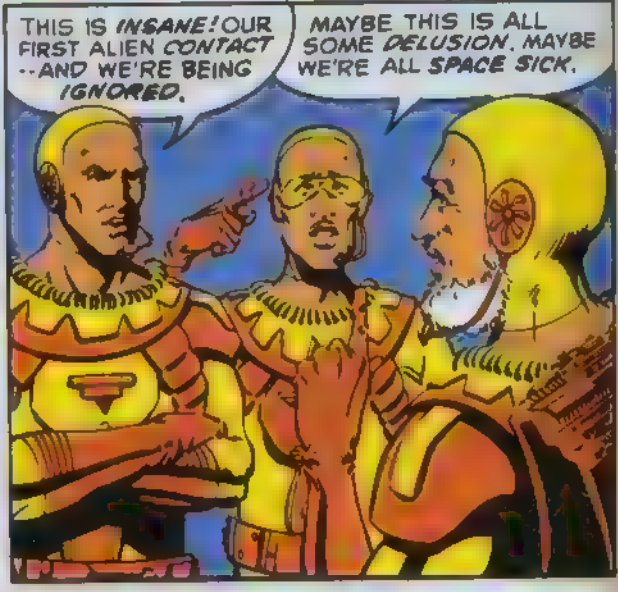
GOOD THEN WE MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.

GREETINGS! I AM COMMANDER FRANK NEILSON OF THE EARTH FORCES.



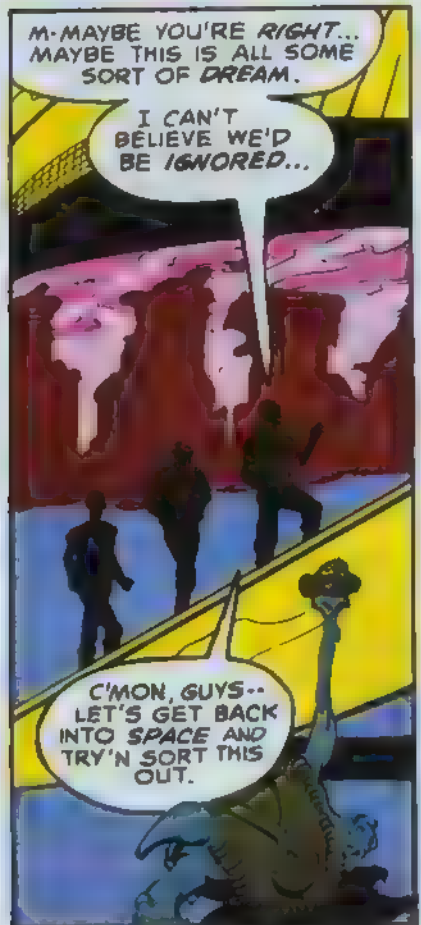
ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE! YOU THINK THEY'RE BLIND?

NO, COMMANDER... ACCORDING TO MY MEDICOM, THEY SEE ON OUR WAVELENGTH, AND THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO HEAR US AS WELL.



THIS IS *INSANE!* OUR FIRST ALIEN CONTACT --AND WE'RE BEING IGNORED.

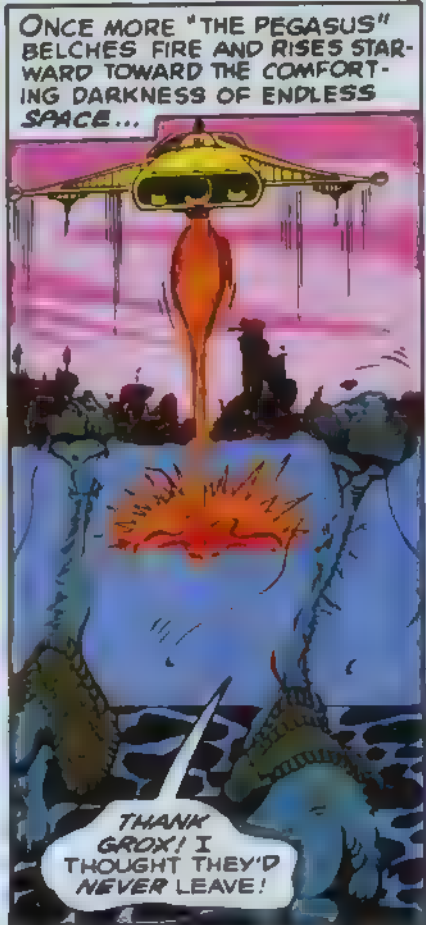
MAYBE THIS IS ALL SOME *DELUSION*. MAYBE WE'RE ALL SPACE SICK.



M-MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... MAYBE THIS IS ALL SOME SORT OF *DREAM*.

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'D BE IGNORED...

C'MON, GUYS-- LET'S GET BACK INTO SPACE AND TRY'N SORT THIS OUT.



ONCE MORE "THE PEGASUS" BELCHES FIRE AND RISES STARWARD TOWARD THE COMFORTING DARKNESS OF ENDLESS SPACE...

THANK GROX! I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER LEAVE!



IT'S ABOUT *TIME!* YOU LET ALIENS LAND ON YOUR PLANET, AND GROX ONLY KNOWS WHAT SORT OF HAVOC THEY'LL LEAVE BEHIND THEM!

YEAH! *BLASTED TOURISTS!* WHO NEEDS 'EM!

THE END



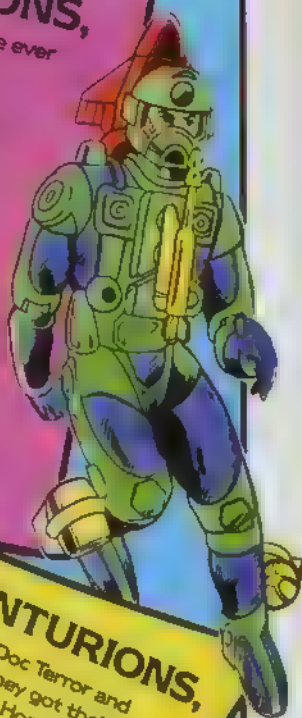
What do you think of Centurions Comic?
Do you like our new mix of stories and puzzles?
Have you any questions for us about the
Centurions? Write to: **POWER POST,**
Centurions Comic, PO Box 111,
Great Ducie Street,
Manchester M60 3BL.

DEAR CENTURIONS,

I think your comic is the best of I have ever read and my favourite vehicles are Skynight, Wild Weasel, Cruiser and Fireforce. The Centurions are the best fighting force around. Do you spend all your time on Skyvault or do you have an Earth base as well? Keep up the good work, lads!

Kenneth "ACE" Bingham,
Kennington, Oxford.

Thanks, Kenneth, or should I call you Ace? You must be one of our best fans back in the 20th Century. As to your question, we don't spend all our time on Skyvault, but as you suggest we do have a secret base beneath New York as well. —Ace.



DEAR CENTURIONS,

I think the Centurions are fantastic, but would like to know some more about your backgrounds. Max Ray—where were you born? Jake Rockwell—is Lucy a Centurion pet, or is she your pet?

Sally Anne Stiles, Coventry,
Warwickshire.

That's quite a few questions to chew over, Sally, but I think I can provide you with the answers you are looking for. Firstly, I was born and brought up in Seattle, U.S.A. Jake's dog, Shadow, has been with him more or less since he joined Project Centurion and Lucy isn't really anyone's "pet". Lucy was one of the animals used to test our Assault Weapons Systems on. When the tests finished, she stayed on and Crystal "adopted" her. —Max.

DEAR CENTURIONS,

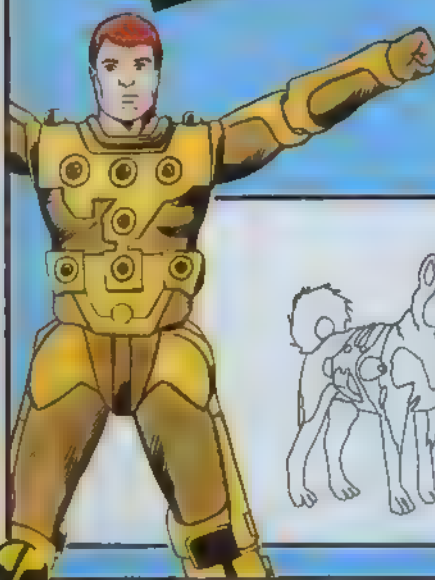
I like it when you beat Doc Terror and Hacker. I wonder how they got their metal legs and arms. I have got Hornet and I think it is good.

Nigel, Exeter, Devon.

I have to agree with you there, Nigel. Hornet is very good indeed! You want to know how Doc Terror and Hacker got the way they are. Well, a few years ago, they stole a top military programme from the World Master Computer, giving them the secret of how to fuse man and machine. Doc Terror then started experimenting and WHAM! he fused himself to the evil computer Syntax and Hacker to Lesion. So they are both now cyborgs—half-man/half-machine—Terror Xtreme! —Jake.

SHADOW'S SHADOWS!

Anis Ahmed of London (left) and Jonathan Smith of Studley (right) have both sent in pictures of Shadow the dog. What do you think of them, Shadow?
RUF! RUF! RUF!—Shadow.



GOING... GOING... GONE!

DEEP IN THE HEART OF DOMINION,
THE EPICENTRE OF DOG TERROR'S
EVIL EMPIRE...

LOOK AT THIS, HACKER!
MY TECH-SCANNERS SHOW
THAT LUDWELL INDUSTRIES
HAVE JUST CONFIRMED A
MAJOR BREAK-THROUGH
IN CLOAKING-SCREENS!

BUT WHY WOULD
YOU WANT TO BUY
A CLOAK DOG?

FOOL! A CLOAKING DEVICE IS NOT
SOMETHING TO WEAR! IT IS AN ENERGY
FIELD THAT MAKES OBJECTS INVISIBLE
TO THE SENSES INCLUDING RADARS
AND SCANNERS!

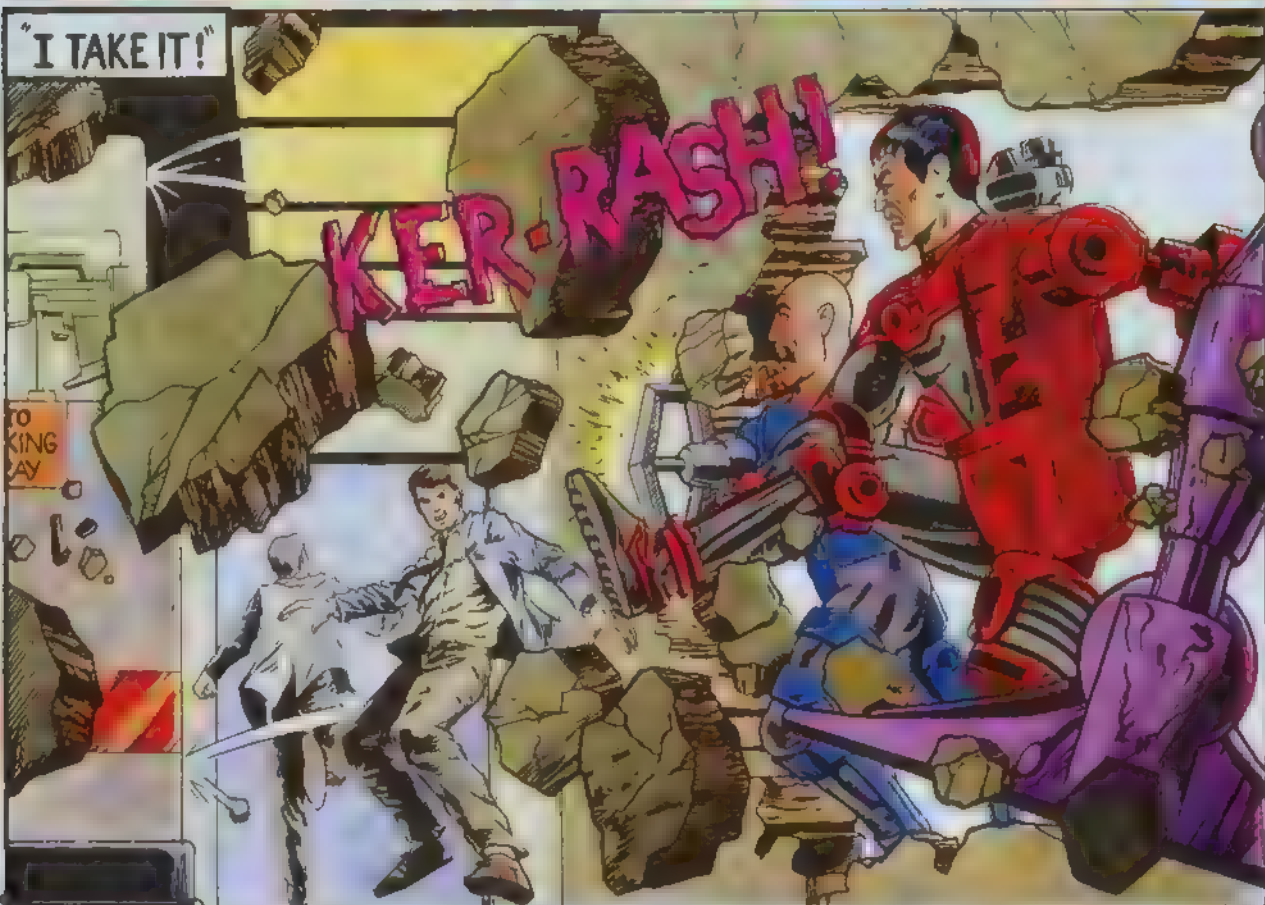
AH... WITH SUCH A
DEVICE YOU WOULD BE
ABLE TO GO WHEREVER
YOU WANTED WITHOUT
ANYONE BEING ABLE
TO SEE YOU!

WITH THAT DEVICE
WE COULD EASILY
DEFEAT THE
CENTURIONS...
BUT HOW CAN
YOU EVER
GET IT?

THAT'S THE
EASY PART
HACKER

"I TAKE IT!"

KER-RASH!



THESE THINGS
ARE TOO SIMPLE
FOR A MAN WITH
MY POWER!
NO-ONE CAN
STOP ME.



BLAM!

KA-POW!

PROTO
COATING
RAY

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN
THREE SKYVAULT AGENTS
ON DETACHMENT TO
STOP ME!



WHA-
TOOOO!

MUCH MORE!

WHO SAID
ANYTHING ABOUT
HAVING TO
STOP YOU?

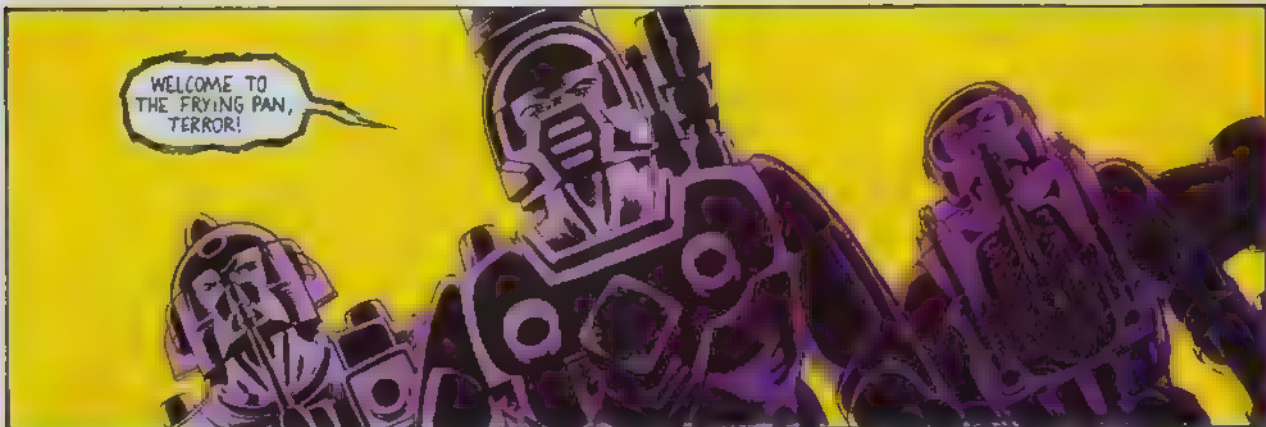
WE LEAVE JOBS
LIKE THAT FOR THE
TOP BOYS...



BAH. I TIRE OF THESE INSECTS.
DESTROY THEM, HACKER: WE
MUST GET OUT OF HERE
BEFORE IT GETS TOO HOT.

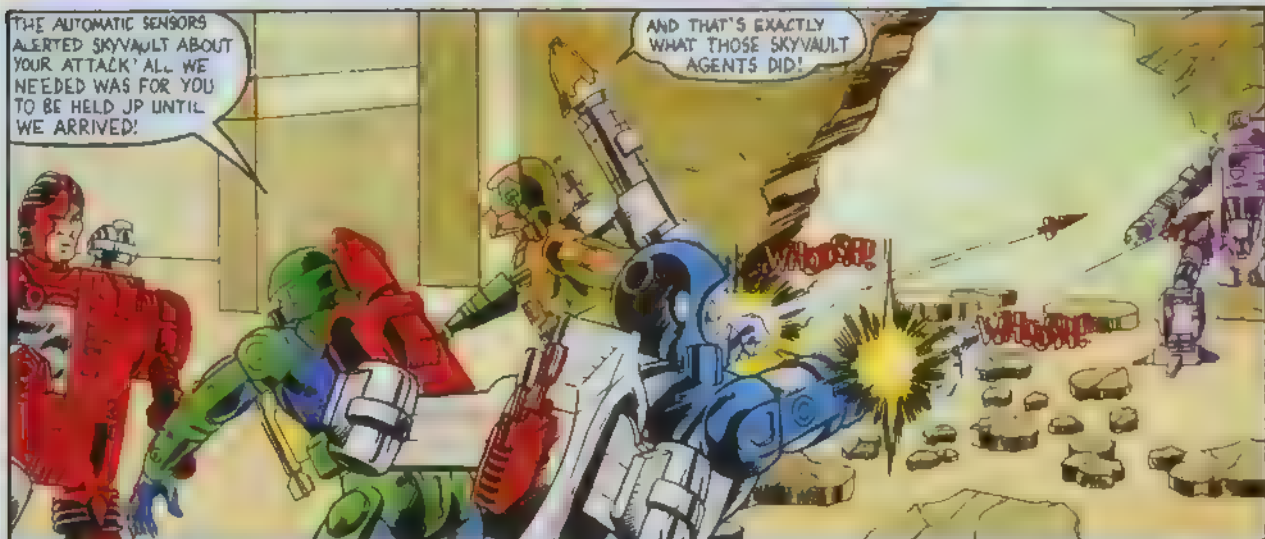


WELCOME TO
THE FRYING PAN,
TERROR!



THE AUTOMATIC SENSORS
ALERTED SKYVAULT ABOUT
YOUR ATTACK! ALL WE
NEEDED WAS FOR YOU
TO BE HELD JP UNTIL
WE ARRIVED!

AND THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT THOSE SKYVAULT
AGENTS DID!



STRIKE TWO
TRAUMATIZERS,
TERROR! IT LOOKS
LIKE ITS JUST
BETWEEN US
NOW!



WE HAVE THE WHOLE
COMPOUND
SURROUNDED THE SKIES
ARE COVERED WITH OUR
BEST FIGHTERS YOU
HAVE NO WAY OUT
OF THIS ONE
TERROR!

I WOULDN'T
AGREE WITH THAT,
CENTURION!

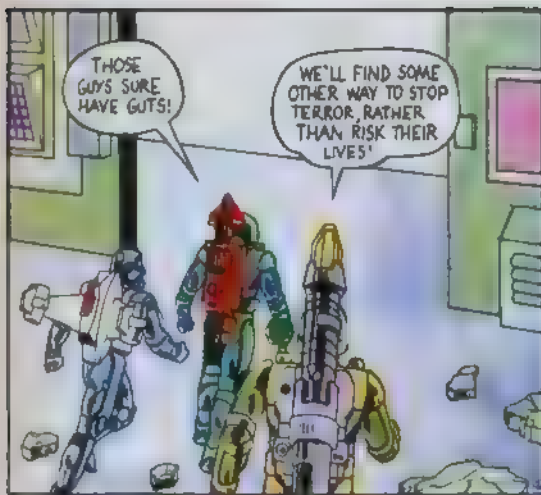


KEEP YOUR DISTANCE... OTHERWISE SKYVAULT
WILL BE LOOKING TO FILL TWO VACANCIES!

TAKE THEM, CENTURIONS!
NEVER MIND US, TERROR
MUST BE STOPPED!

YOU CAN'T LET
TERROR STEAL THE
LOADING DEVICE
JUST TO SAVE
US!





THOSE GUYS SURE HAVE GUTS!

WE'LL FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO STOP TERROR, RATHER THAN RISK THEIR LIVES!



THE WHOLE PLACE IS SURROUNDED. THE CENTURIONS ARE LOOKING FOR US. HOW WILL WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS PLACE?

GETTING OUT IS EASY. IT'S TAKING THE RAY WITH US THAT'S THE HARD PART!

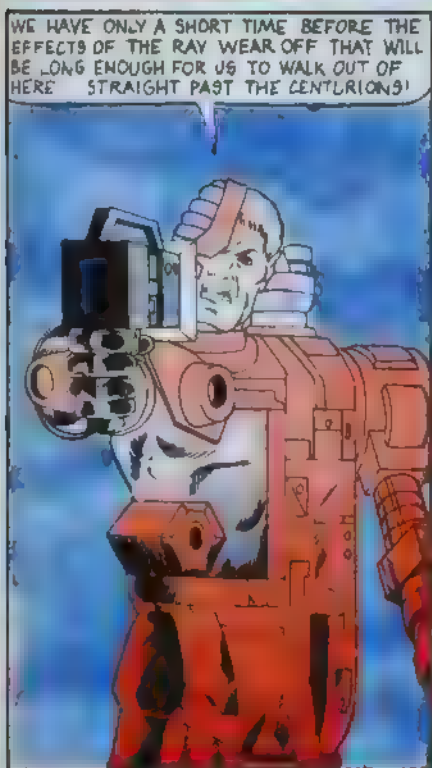


THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEM IS TO HAND, HOWEVER!

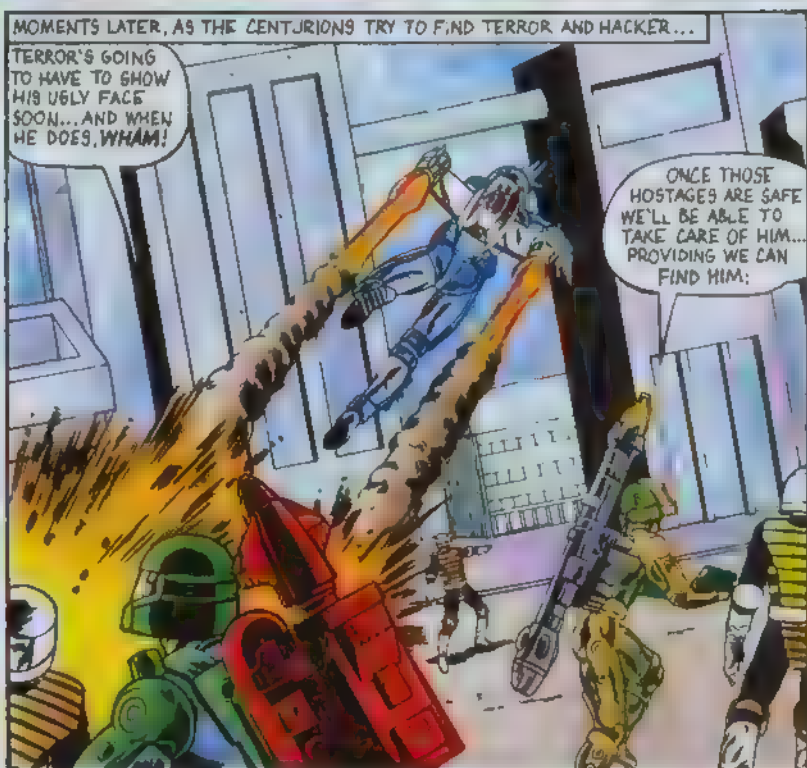
HUH?



WITH THE AID OF THIS CLOAKING DEVICE WE WILL BE ABLE TO WALK OUT OF THIS PLACE WITH NO-ONE ABLE TO SEE US... OR STOP US!



WE HAVE ONLY A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE EFFECTS OF THE RAY WEAR OFF THAT WILL BE LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO WALK OUT OF HERE STRAIGHT PAST THE CENTURIONS!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE CENTURIONS TRY TO FIND TERROR AND HACKER...

TERROR'S GOING TO HAVE TO SHOW HIS UGLY FACE SOON... AND WHEN HE DOES, WHAM!

ONCE THOSE HOSTAGES ARE SAFE WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM... PROVIDING WE CAN FIND HIM:



KEEP TRYING, CENTURION!
NOW THAT WE ARE
INVISIBLE WE CAN
SIMPLY WALK
PAST YOU:



HEADS UP, GUYS!
HERE'S TERROR!

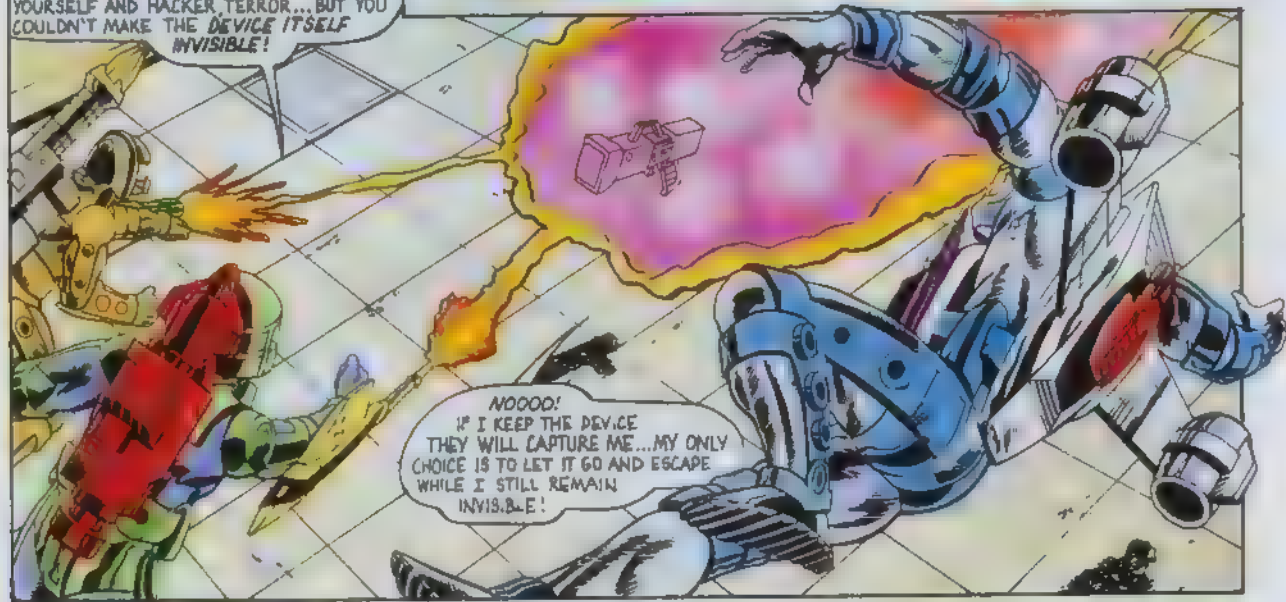
HE MUST HAVE
USED THE CLOAKING
DEVICE ON HIMSELF
AND HACKER.

LET'S
TAKE 'EM!

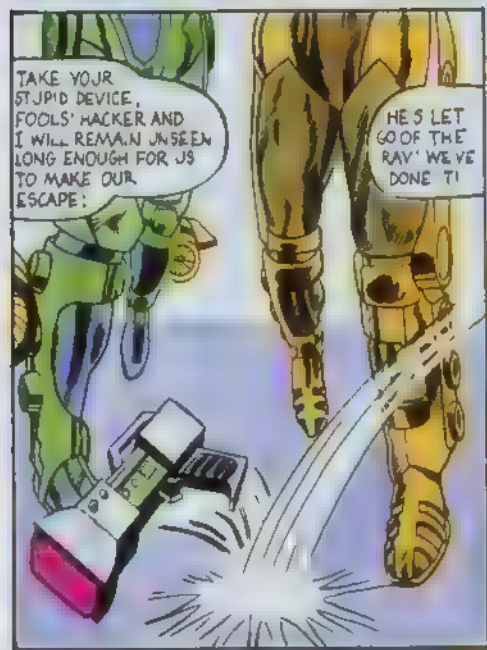
???

BUT...
BUT HOW?

YOU MAY HAVE USED THE RAY ON
YOURSELF AND HACKER... BUT YOU
COULDN'T MAKE THE DEVICE ITSELF
INVISIBLE!

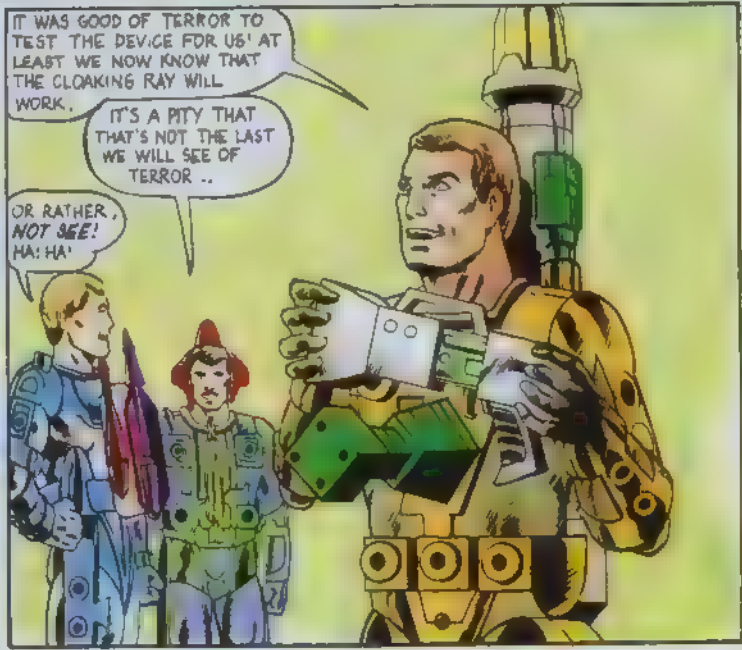


NOOOO!
IF I KEEP THE DEVICE
THEY WILL CAPTURE ME... MY ONLY
CHOICE IS TO LET IT GO AND ESCAPE
WHILE I STILL REMAIN
INVISIBLE!



TAKE YOUR
STUPID DEVICE,
FOOLS! HACKER AND
I WILL REMAIN UNSEEN
LONG ENOUGH FOR US
TO MAKE OUR
ESCAPE:

HE'S LET
GO OF THE
RAY! WE'VE
DONE IT!



IT WAS GOOD OF TERROR TO
TEST THE DEVICE FOR US! AT
LEAST WE NOW KNOW THAT
THE CLOAKING RAY WILL
WORK.

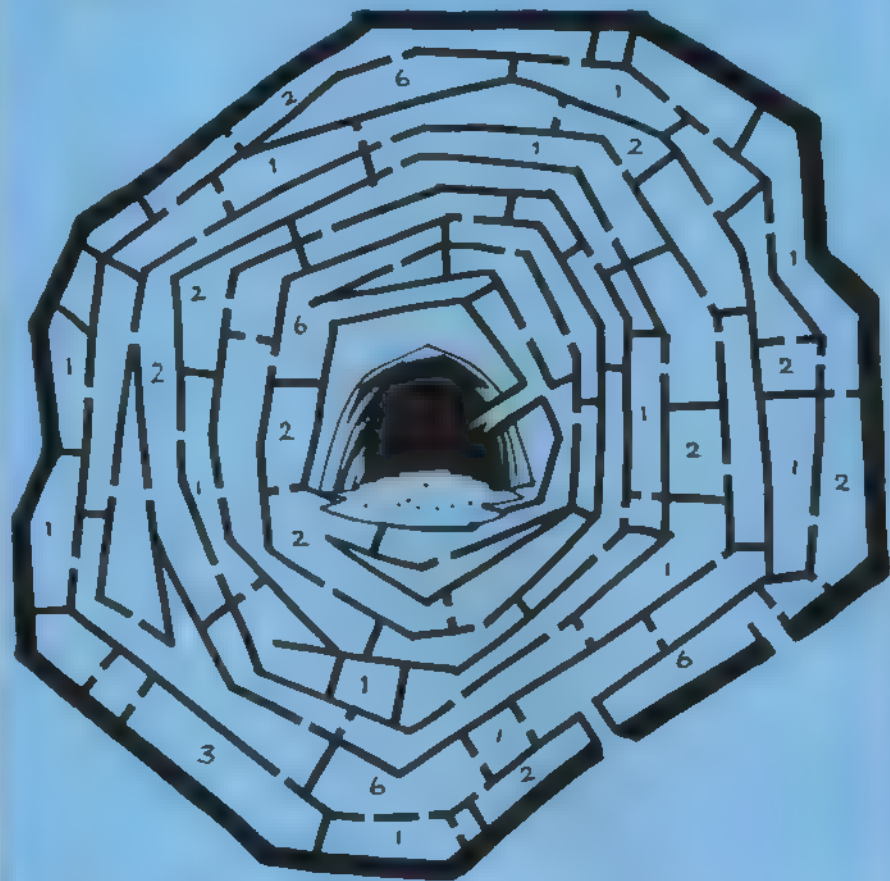
IT'S A PITY THAT
THAT'S NOT THE LAST
WE WILL SEE OF
TERROR..

OR RATHER,
NOT SEE!
HA! HA!

TIME TRAP

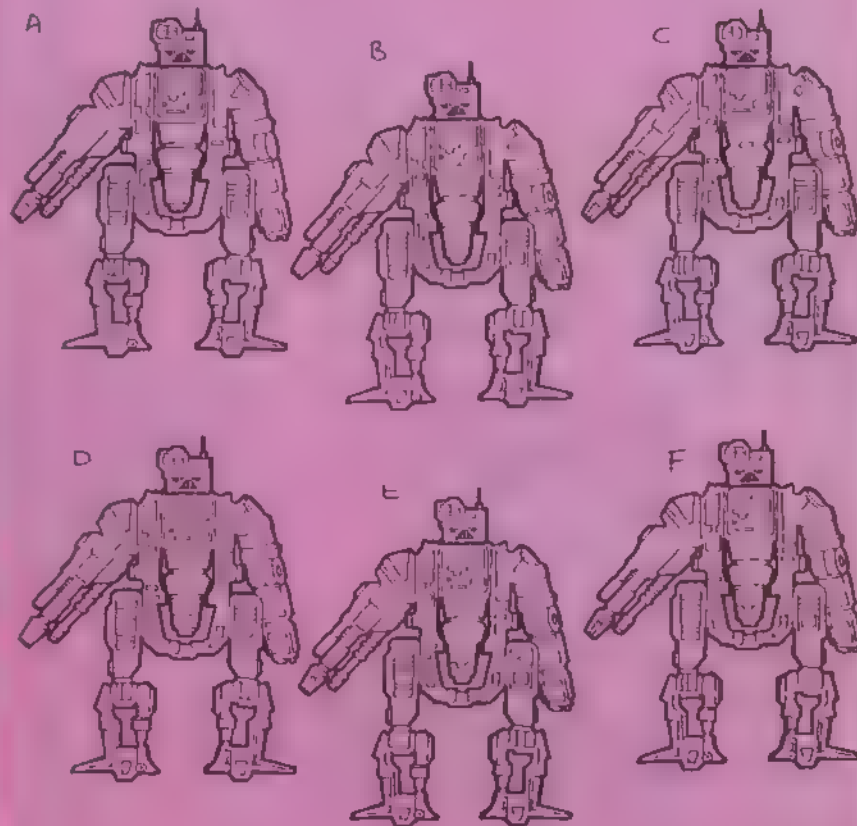
The Centurions must escape from the cave and find a way out of the maze of tunnels before Doc Terror triggers off a deadly bomb. Only ten seconds remain! Add together the numbers you pass in your route. If they total more than TEN then time has run out and Doc Terror has triumphed!

Can you find the escape route?



DOOM DRONES

Which two Doom Drones are exactly the same?



THE LAST GREAT BATTLE OF THE *THIRD* INTER-GALACTIC WAR WAS A TACTICAL CLASSIC. IN FACT, IT IS STILL TAUGHT AT NEW WEST POINT. IT BEGAN WHEN THE ENEMY ISOLATED OUR FLAGSHIP, THE *GOOD NEWS*...

SUPREME COMMANDER VOIK TO EARTH FLAGSHIP: YOU ARE HOPELESSLY OUTGUNNED! I OFFER YOU SURRENDER WITH HONOR! YOU HAVE TEN EARTH SECONDS TO COMPLY!

GENERAL MATT HARRIMAN TO SUPREME COMMANDER VOIK: KISS MY ASTRAL COMRADES!

...ONLY TO LEARN, TOO LATE, THAT THEY HAD BEEN LURED INTO A FATAL TRAP!

TEAM-A TO MATT-THE-RAT: SUPREME COMMANDER VOIK JUST HAD HIS TICKET PUNCHED!

TEAM-B TO MATT-THE-RAT: HIS RUNNING DOES HAVE HAD IT, TOO!

GENERAL HARRIMAN TO ALL UNITS: LAST ONE HOME IS A SOBBY SURVIVAL BISCUIT!

CERTIFIED SAFE!

ARNOLD DRAKE
WRITER

BRIAN BOLLAND
ARTIST

BEN ODA
LETTERING

DOT MARTYNS
COLOURING

"KISS MY COMPASS" EVENTUALLY BECAME A SONG, A BOOK AND A MOVIE! BUT RIGHT THEN IT WAS A BONE IN THE THROAT OF EARTH COUNCIL PRESIDENT SARMS!

BLAST HIM! THE DESTRUCTION OF VOIK'S FLEET WAS MEANT TO CAP OFF MY REELECTION CAMPAIGN!

BUT HARRIMAN'S HOMECOMING PARADE WILL MAKE MY TOUR OF THE CAPTURED TERRITORIES A MONUMENTAL ANTI-CLIMAX!

WHAT PARADE, SIR?

COME ON, MILLIKIN--WE'VE HAVE TO HAVE THE TRADITIONAL HOME-COMER!

AND WHAT WILL HARRIMAN BE DOING ALL THAT TIME?

OF COURSE WE WILL HONOR HIM! BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER YOUR TOUR OF THE CAPTURED ZONE--AND YOUR REELECTION!

HE'LL BE PROVING HIS "OLD SOLDIER" HUMILITY BY VOLUNTEERING FOR A MISSION FAR BENEATH HIS RANK!

AND SO, WHEN THE FLEET RETURNED TO ADVANCED H.Q....

I'M FOR A NIGHT OUT ON THE TOWN! HOW ABOUT YOU, GENERAL?

NO, I'M TAKING THE NEXT SHIP HOME! I'VE BEEN OUT HERE TOO LONG, TED!

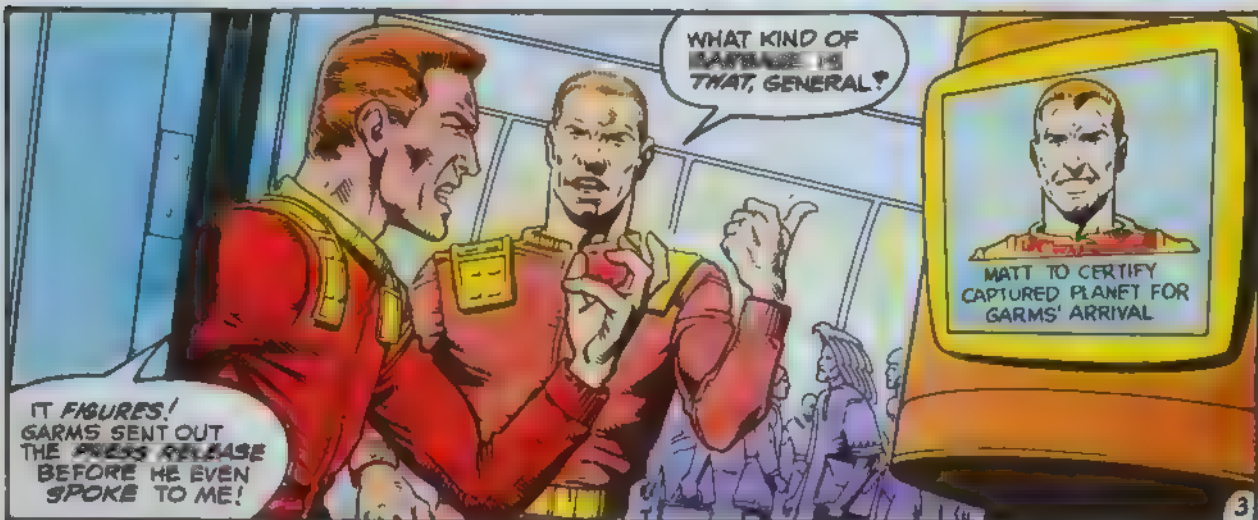
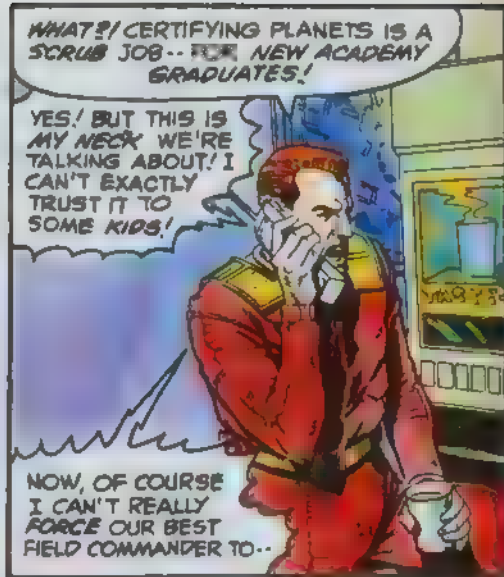
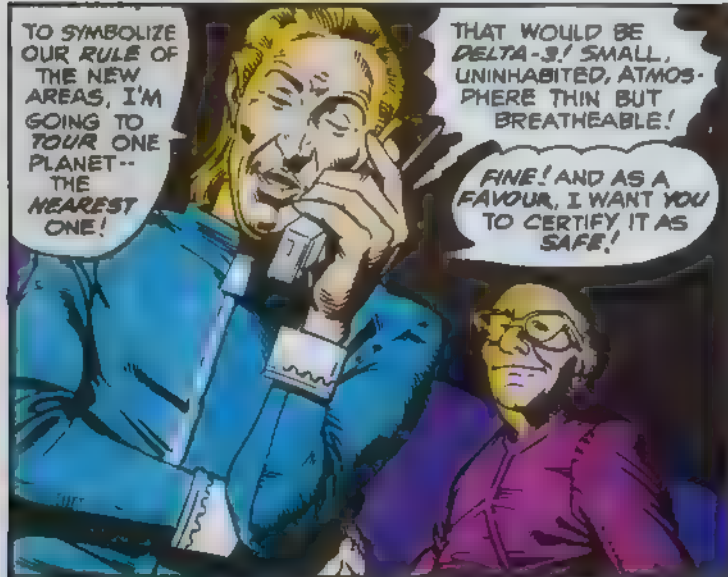
GENERAL HARRIMAN! A PRIORITY--I CALL FOR YOU FROM-- PRESIDENT SARMS!

GO ON, MILLIKIN! YOU INTEREST ME--MORE THAN SLIGHTLY!

GREAT JOB, MATT! YOU'LL GET THE EARTH MEDAL OF HONOR FOR THIS!

THANK YOU, SIR! I'M HEADING FOR HOME NOW!

NOT JUST YET! I NEED A FAVOUR!



FUELED BY HIS ANGER, THE GENERAL
MADE SWIFT PLANS...

Y-YOU'RE GOING ALONE?
BUT A MINIMUM CERT-
TEAM TAKES THREE
BIO-MEDS, TWO GEOLO--

SKIP IT! I TAUGHT
ADVANCED-CERT AT
THE ACADEMY FOR
THREE YEARS! I
CAN DO THIS JOB
BLINDFOLDED!

ALL GARM'S WANTS IS
SOME "HEROIC" PICTURES
WITH A COLOURFUL
BACKGROUND!

SO I'LL SET DOWN
NEAR THIS COLOURFUL
DEAD VOLCANO AND
CERTIFY THE IMME-
DIATE AREA!

LATER, A FULL CERT-
TEAM CAN FINISH UP!

THE GENERAL DISENGAGED FROM THE
MOTHER SHIP AT 0900 AND WAS READY
FOR TOUCH-DOWN BY 1128...

I'LL CERTIFY A
PATH 10 FEET
WIDE FROM
HERE TO THE
VOLCANO'S
MOUTH!

THAT SHOULD
BE WIDE
ENOUGH FOR
EVEN GARM'S
UGLY EXCUSE
FOR A BODY.

THE AIR PASSED MINIMUM-
VIABILITY STANDARDS AND
THE OTHER TESTS BEGAN...

HAVE TO
CONFIRM OUR
LONG-DISTANCE
ANALYSIS OF THE
ATMOSPHERE
BEFORE I TRY
BREATHING IT!

LOW
MOISTURE
CONTENT--
HIGH DENSITY
--STRONG
ALKALI RATIO--
EATING WOULDN'T
KILL YOU--BUT IT
WOULD MAKE YOU
AWFUL
SICK!

FURTHER TESTS
AND SAMPLE
GATHERING
PROVED EQUALLY
UNEVENTFUL,
UNTIL ...

WHAT'S THAT WEIRD
STUFF? LOOKS A
BIT LIKE TAR -- BUT
IT HAS NO ODOUR!

SEEMS
HARMLESS
ENOUGH, BUT
I'D BETTER
CHECK IT OUT!

IT TOOK A
LASER-SCALPEL
TO CUT A
SAMPLE OF THE
GUMMY
SUBSTANCE...

THE BIO-ANALYZER
SAYS THIS THING
CONTAINS
AMINO-ACIDS!
THAT MEANS
FUTURE LIFE
POTENTIAL!

THE LAB BOYS WILL
BE CRAZY ABOUT
THIS SAMPLE!

HE BOTTLED THE SAMPLE AND BEGAN HIS TRIP AGAIN...

MATT-THE-RAT TO MOTHER SHIP!
THIS PLACE LOOKS SAFE
AS A NURSERY!

BLUP BLUP

I'M HEADING FOR
THE VOLCANO! SO
TELL GARMS TO GET
READY! IT WON'T
BE LONG NOW!

BUT LATER, AFTER
INSPECTING SOME
UNUSUAL MINERAL
DEPOSITS ...

GASP!
WHERE DID
THAT THING
COME FROM?

BLUP
BLUP

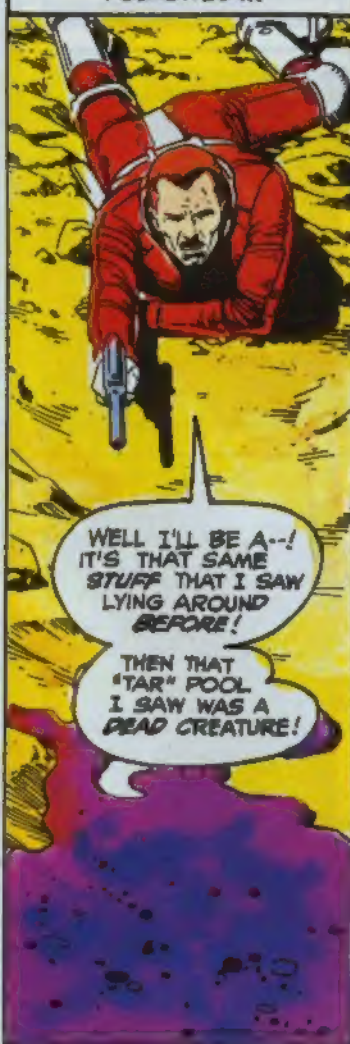
WITH AN UNHOLY SCREAM, THE CREATURE LURCHED FORWARD-- AND MATT HARRIMAN REACTED IN THE ONLY WAY POSSIBLE...



EEEEEEEEEE

CRZZZZ

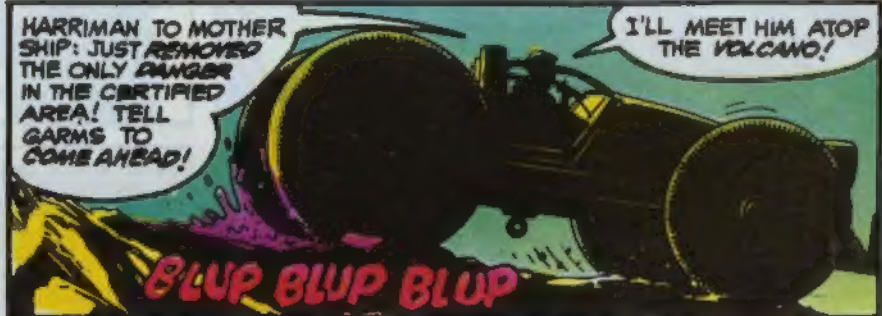
BUT EVEN THE EYES OF THAT SEASONED SOLDIER WIDENED AT WHAT FOLLOWED...



WELL I'LL BE A--! IT'S THAT SAME STUFF THAT I SAW LYING AROUND BEFORE!

THEN THAT "TAR" POOL I SAW WAS A DEAD CREATURE!

HARRIMAN TO MOTHER SHIP: JUST REMOVED THE ONLY DANGER IN THE CERTIFIED AREA! TELL GARM TO COME AHEAD!



I'LL MEET HIM ATOP THE VOLCANO!

BLUP BLUP BLUP

BUT LATER...



ANOTHER OF THOSE COMING FOR ME! AND--

-- THE ONE I KILLED, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE IT FROM HERE! BUT IT'S-- GONE!

THEN THIS IS THE SAME ONE! THEY'RE ALL THE SAME ONE--



IT JUST KEEPS REFORMING ITSELF! YOU CAN'T KILL IT!

DESPITE EVERYTHING, MATT HARRIMAN'S
LAST THOUGHT WAS TO RADIO A WARNING
--TELL GARMES TO TURN BACK!

BUT IT WAS ALREADY
FAR TOO LATE!

ARGGGGGUGG!

THUS, SOME HOURS LATER...

THAT'S IT, MR.
PRESIDENT.
NOW WAVE
AND LOOK
NOBLE!

WHAT'S THAT
STRANGE-LOOKING
STUFF, MILLIKIN?

I DON'T KNOW,
SIR-- BUT I'LL
GATHER UP A SAMPLE
FOR OUR LAB
BOYS!

AND WHEN THE AIDE HAD PLACED THE
SUBSTANCE IN A SAMPLE BOTTLE...

NOW LET'S GET UP
TO THE VOLCANO!
CAN'T WAIT TO SEE
THE LOOK ON
MATT'S FACE
WHEN WE
ARRIVE!

I WANT A PICTURE
OF THE GENERAL AND
MYSELF EMBRACING!
YOU KNOW, "TWO
MEN OF VISION
SHARING THEIR
DESTINY."

OF COURSE, MR.
PRESIDENT! WHAT
COULD BE MORE
APPROPRIATE?

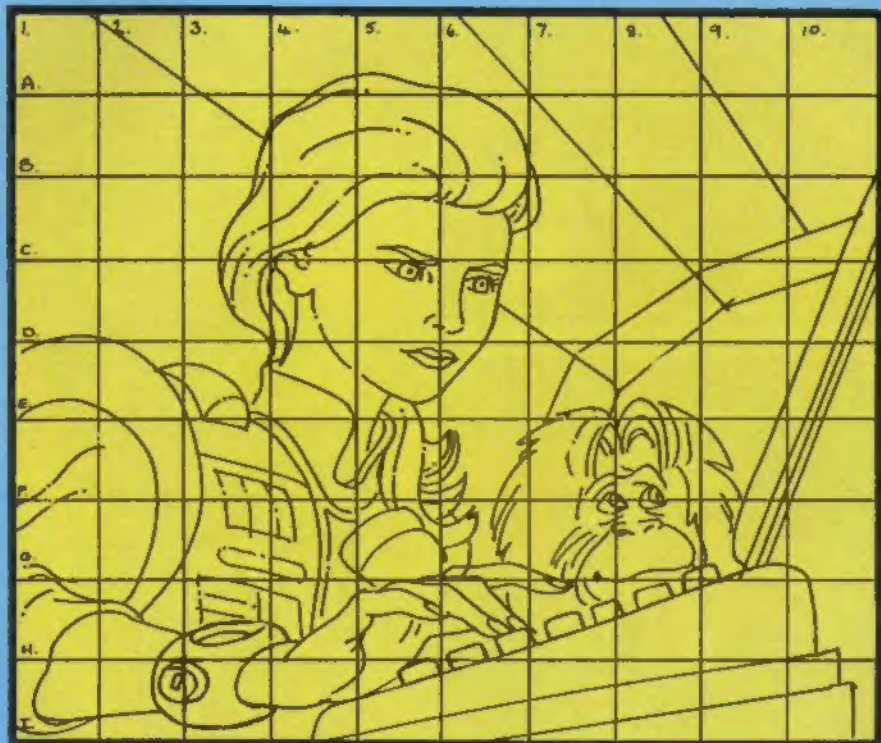
BLUP
BLUP

THE END

SKYVAULT SURPRISE

This picture shows Crystal Kane hard at work as another Doc Terror inspired crisis plunges the Centurions into yet more hair-raising adventures. As usual, Lucy is by her side, as Crystal's quick mind and nimble fingers probe the computer for anything that might help the Centurions in their battle against evil.

But how quick is your mind? You will see that the picture has been divided into segments. How quickly can you give a number and letter to the segments lined up along the bottom of the page?



HORRIBLE HALVES

Can you fuse Doc Terror with his computer half?
Try to complete the picture from the example shown.



XCITEMENT XTREME!

CENTURIONS Monthly No.8
is on sale from December 24th

...BE THERE!

